

THE WISHE.

Written by Dr. POPE Fellow of the
ROYAL SOCIETY.

Hac satis est orare foren. Hor.

Dixitque poterint regales addere majus. Id.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCXCVI.

THE

W I S H

Written by Dr. TOBE Hellion of the
Royal Society.

This Ballad of our former Ho.
—
Gentle reader where will I.



ROYAL

LONDON MDCCCLXII

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord Clifford,

Grandson and Heir to

Richard E. of Burlington and Cork,

A N D

One of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's

B E D - C H A M B E R.

MY LORD,

THE Honour and Respect which I had for your Lordships Father, is not wholly unknown to you; as also, with what Condescension, Familiarity, and Kindness, he always used me. I own, those Days which I spent in his Lordship's Conversation in *France*, were without Comparison, the very best Part of my Life. I design'd to have made my Gratitude Public; and to that End, Composed a small Treatise, and Dedicated it to him, which he not only saw, but was also pleased graciously to accept: But before I could get it Printed, he died, to the great Loss of the Public, and all good Men; but to none so much as me, for my Dammage is irreparable, unless your Lordship succeeds

To the Right Honourable
him in his Favour to me, as you do in his Honour and Ver-
ties, which I hope, but dare not expect.

I humbly present your Lordship with this Copy of Ver-
ses, an Earnest of something of a greater Bulk, but I dare
not say of a better Composition; for if the Approbation of
my Friends, has not imposed upon my Curiosity, and my
Taste does not deceive me, this is the most kindly, and
palatable Fruit, that ever my Cultivation has produc'd: I
wish it were worthy your Acceptation; however, I hope, I
am excusable, having offer'd to your Lordship the best of
my Substantials ~~Knowledge~~, Begging pardon for my Pres-
umption, and praying Heaven to continue, and increase the
Felicities of your noble Family. I am,

One of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's

My Lord - Ch -

W^Y L O D G Y
your Lordship's most humble
THE Honour and Reblege which I pay for your
Toughibis Epiphany is not wholly unknown to you;
as well as the Condescension, Familiarity, and
Familiarity of your Servant
in this Toughibis Convention in France were without
doubt the swiftest time. I own, since Dras in April I
Counting the last of my life, I design'd to
leave the Country by January Publick; saying to your Friend, Count
Duke & Henry J. Leake, and Desirous to go publick, applied to his
not ouly self, but also Sirs Prelates Prelacy to receive: But
before I could get it Buried, he died, so the Great Loss of the
Publick, and all Good Men; but to none so much as we, for
such Diversitie as I apprehend, unites your Toughibis in excess
him

THE
PROLOGUE
TO THE
WISH;

Being a Parafraſe on theſe Verſes of Horace.

Quid dedicatum poſcit Apollinem
Vates, quid orat? de pater a novum
Fundens Liquorem? Hor. Ode 31. Lib. 1.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia R̄ivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, Rugosus frigore Pagus.
Quid ſentire putas? Quid credis Amice precari? Id. Ep. 18. Lib. 1.

That is,

When Poets offering at Apollo's Shrine,
Out of the ſacred Goblets pour new Wine,
What do they wish? what do they then desire?

When I'm at Epsom, or on Banſted-Down,
Free from the Wine, and Smoak, and Noise o'th' Town,
When I those Waters drink, and breath that Air,
What are my Thoughts? what's my continual Prayer?

THE
PROLOGUE
TO
SHAKESPEARE

Being a Lecture on the Seven Ages of Man.

Wise men say it is better to be than to have;
But how to have is better than to be wise.

When I was young I was poor; but now I am rich;
When I was poor I was rich; but now I am poor.

When I was young I was poor; but now I am rich;
When I was poor I was rich; but now I am poor.

When I was young I was poor; but now I am rich;
When I was poor I was rich; but now I am poor.

THE

W L S H.

If I live to be Old, 'for I find I go² down,
Let this be my Fate. In a³ Country Town,
May I have a warm house, with a⁴ Stone at the Gate,
And a⁵ cleanly young Girl, to rub my bald Pate.

C H O R' V.

May I govern my⁶ Passion, with an absolute Sway,
And grow⁷ Wiser, and Better, as my Strength wears away,
Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

Krom en stijf, van Dunderdom gheboghem,

Crooked, and stiff, and bow'd with Age.

*La lunga Eta m' imbianchi il Crine,
E la Vecchiezza pur in' incurvi, e prema.
Vedendo la notte, e'l verno a tafos.
E dopo le Spalle, i mosi Gai⁸. Petz.*

That is,

With Snowy Hairs, Temples with Furrows plow'd,
And by the Weight of Years, my Body bow'd.
Winter, and an eternal Night comes on,
And all my merry Years, and Days are gone.

² *Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis, & instanti senecla
Afferet, indomitaque morti. Hor.
Ocyor Cervis, & agente Ventos
Ocyor Euro. Id.*

H. T.

That is

H *Years fly away, nor can our Piety stop
The approach of wrinkled Age, and certain Death,
Swifter than Harts, or Wind.* **V**

Ocyor & Cæli flammis, & Tigride fæta. Lucan.

*That is, & so I say, that is to say, & so
I say, that is to say, that is to say, that is to say,
Swifter than Lightning, and Tigers new with young.*

*Son giunto d' l' loco,
Ove vita scende, chi al fin cade. Petr.
Sondo jo colla giunto ove declina.*

*L' Estate om' e' cendente, a la vecchietza. Id.
La vita fugge, e non s' arresta un' hora.
E la Morte vien dietro, a giam' giornate. Id.
Morte già per ferir ha' alzato il brachio,*

*Per l' estrema gravità de' suoi mali.
Rotto da gli anni, e d' ul' cammino stanco. Id.*

*Volan l' hore, e i giorni, egli anni, e i mesi, ohe bps. Risi has, Gropog
E con brevissimo intervallo,*

*Habbiamo a cercar altri paesi. Id.
E bien che il giorno che la vita serva*

*Sia forse assai vicino e non previsto. Taffo.
La vita fugge, e la morte e soura le Spalle. Petr.
La morte s' appressa, e el viv'er fugge,*

*I di miei più leggier che nissun Cervo,
Fuggon come ombre. Id.*

*I di miei più correnti che Spetta. Petr.
Fra miserie, e peccati, li wed ych
Se son andati e Sol morte u' aspetta.
Non corse mai si lieuamente al varca.*

Di fugitivo Cervo un Leopard. Id.

Non posso il giorno che la vita serra.

Antiveder per la corporea Vela;

Ma variar si il pelo.

Veggio, e dentro cangiarsi ognù desire;

Hor che l' me credo al tempo de'l partire,

Esser vicino : o non molto d'a Lungo. Id.

Mai non usci Veltro di Carano,

Ne mai Saetta, d' Arco fu mandata,

Nefalcon mai d'al Ciel discese a Valle,

Che non restasse a lei dietro alle Spalle. Boiardo.

Falcon mai non fu si veloce

Quando d'al Ciel in giu con gran ruina

Vien a la preda rapido e feroce. Agostini.

Si presto s'en fugge e si leggiere,

Che tardo a seguirlo, once a't pensiero. Q. Marin.

Pui lento di molto e men Veloce

Giran Turco, o Parto, da grand' offa arcata,

Da concavo mettal globo di piombo.

E da racchiusa Valle il Turbo Scocca,

O da Squarciaata nube il fulgor Scocca.

Rondine sopra rio Vola men presia. Braciol.

Non si rapida mai Cerva da l'onde,

Dore il Arcier attende a rivolge il piede,

Ne d' avanti a Sparrier per l' arria pura,

Sua salute a cercar Tertara Vola. Idem.

E va men presto,

Fulgore che per nube ardendo scoppia. Idem.

Ons tijt gael, als een snelle groom.

Ond zijn als skhytmen van een droom. Jac. Cats.

Which may be thus Translated,

I am thither come,

Where Life makes haste down, and grows near its end

In my Old Age, and with one Foot i' th' Grave,

Life flies apace, and does not rest one Hour,

And Death makes great Marches to overtake her

With his hand listed up ready to strike,

In the last Day of Life

Broken with Years, and tired with the long Way.

The Hours, Days, Months and Years, do swiftly pass,

All of us here in a small Space of Time,

Must march from hence, and other Quarters seek.

I can't foresee the last Day of my Life,

Altho perhaps it may not be far off,

Life flies away and Death treads on his Heels,

Life flies, and Death comes nearer every Hour,

My Days are swifter than a Hart or Arrow.

No Leopard ever ran so fast

After a flying Bear.

I can't foresee thro' my corporeal Veil,

The precise Day whereon my Life shall end,

But I perceive by my Chang'd Hair and Thoughts,

There's little distance betwixt me and Death.

The fleetest Greyhound slipt after a Hare,

The Arrow shot with great Strength from a Bow,

The Falcon stooping at his Prey is still,

Are Slow, if with Life's Swiftness they compare,

Times course so nimble is, and swift;

No Leopard, nor no Thought can move so fast.

Much more slow,

Are Arrows sent from Turc, or Parthian Bow.

Faster than a Globe of Lead

From Concave-Metal, or Lightning flies from Heaven;

Swallows upon a River, fly more now.

Faster than a Hart,

Who's seen a Huntsman, with his Gun in hand,

Faster than from a Hawk, the Tortle flies

To save her Life, or Lightning from the Skies;

Time passes faster than the swiftest Stream,

Our Life is as the Shadow of a Dream.

³O Rus quando ego te videam & quaque licetbit

Nunc veterum libris, pone sedis, & interhabiburi,

Ducere sollicita jucunda oblivia vita

That is

Oh Country! when shall I retire to thee
 With a few Books well chose, and a true Friend,
 Free from the hurries which great Towns attend,
 Lead such a Life the Gods shall envy me?

*By the help whereof, I may mount my easie Pad-Nag, mention-
 ed in the Third Stanza; in the *Welt of England*, they call it an
 Upping-stock.

? *Qua non offendat sordibus,* Hor. *That is,* That is, *that you*

One whose Look may not turn your Stomach.

? *Animus rege qui nisi paret.*
Imperat, hunc Frenis, bunc tu compescet Catenis.

Over your Passions, keep a watchful hand,
 For if they don't obey, they will command.

Lenior, & melior siam, accedento Senecta. Hor. *That is,* That is, *the next*

Milder and better may I be,
 The nearer I approach to my last Day.

II

May my little house stand on the side of a Hill,
 With an easy Descent, to a Head, and a Spitt,
 That when I've a mind, I may bear my Boy read,
 In the Hill, if it rains, if it's dry, in the Head.
 May I govern, &c.

? *Parva sed apta Domus.* i. e. A little but convenient House.

Chebo annidarmi in ristoro, Albergo.
Senza mai paventar d' Arme od' Armati,
Forze, insidie, rapine, Oltraggi, aguati. Imp.

That is,

In a retired and quiet Cell,
From Soldiers free, and dire Effects of Arms,
Thefts, Robberies, Murders, Insults, Rapes, Alarms;

May I in Peace and Safety dwell.

Chi fu di gruccio il suol, di Gamme il Muro,
E di frasche, e di paglie il tetto intecto,
Consumero con gioia il tempo, e le bore.
E sia che Jo rida d' auer bel cerchio al meno,
Si non di Lauro il Crin, d' uliva il Sena, Imperiale.

Thoughts, thus son Yea Lord Dade out.

In quiet Cottage with green Rushes pav'd,
And wall'd about with Reeds together joyn'd.
Cover'd with Straw, or Boughs oth' Neigh'ring Trees.
I could spend all my Life, in Joy, and Ease,
And tho' to crown my Head no Bays I find,
The Peaceful Olive shall adorn my Mind.

Eato chi in parte Erme, e lontana,
Chi d'al Vulgo, e dal mondo, bor ti sequestris.
El vasto mar de le miserie umane
Mirando vai da quelli scogli Alpestri,
Bella tranquillita, che men villagg,
Le belle sono, e gli animal Silvestri
Che non e l' uom, men fido e men Sincero,
Che quanto fera e men, tanto e piu fera.
Qui non puoi credyarti, O armi impressi
Con pompa d' arte inimitabile pazzia,
Ma bella di natura, erbe, cipressi,
Palme, Valli, boschetti, opre piu rare,
Fontane a rivo rami e spesse
Cantan semplici, Augeri note piu chiare.
Che'l sinto suon di susinqua voce,
Ch' a'l Orecchie piacendo, al' Atman voca. Braectolini.

In English thus,

Happy are they, if any such there be,
 Who live retir'd from worldly Busines free,
 In some remote and solitary place,
 Sequester'd from the Vulgar and the World,
 Who see with Scorn from the Alps snowy Tops.
 The immense Sea of human Misery:
 Oh blest Tranquility! Oh heavenly Life!
 And better Company of Beasts than men!
 For men less faithful are, and less sincere,
 The best Man comes the nearest to a Beast.
 Instead of Marble Pillars here are seen
 Tall Pyramids of Cypress always green,
 Then arch'd and gilded Roofs, the azure Sky
 Heavens Canopy, yields more Delight to th' Eye.
 Palms, Myrtle Groves, Green Valleys, Mountains, Hills:
 And Springs branch'd into various murmuring Rills
 Here the untaught Bird sings his natural Song,
 More valuable than Sirens vocal Art,
 Pleasant to th' Ear, and hurtful to the Heart.

¹ Neither on the Top, or the Bottom, the best situation for a House, or a City, affording both Conveniency of Cellars, and a Descent to carry off the Waters.

² It will be thought the Old Man has made a very ill Choice of a Mill to hear his Boy read in, but they who make this Objection, either know not, or at least do not consider, that Noise helps Deafness, which is incident to Old Age. That this is a Truth, both Experience and Reason evidence.

I have known several, who could hear little or nothing in their Chambers, but when they were in a Coach rattling upon the Stones, heard very well. I also knew a Lady in Essex, whose Name was Tyrrel, who while she had occasion to discourse, used to beat a great Drum, without which, she could not hear at all; the Reason whereof is this, The most frequent Cause of Deafness, is the Relaxation of the Tympanum, or Drum of the Ear, which by this violent and continual Agitation of the Air, is extended, and made more Tight, and Springy, and better reflects Sounds, like a Drum new brac'd.

III.

Near a shady Grove, and a murmuring Brook;
 With the Ocean at Distance, wherupon I may look,
 With a spacious Plain, without hedge or Stile,
 And an easie pad-Way, to ride out a' while.
 May I govern, &c.

Et paulum silva super his forez. Hor.

That is,

And on my Land a little Tuft of Trees.

Fons etiam Rivo dare nomen idoneus, *ut nec*
Frigidior Thracum, neq; purior ambi *Hebrum.* Id.
Et tecto vicinus Jugis aqua Fons. Plin.

That is,

And near my House a Spring that always flows.

Labuntur altis intermix ripis aquae.
Fontesq; lymphis obstrepunt manantibus.
Somnos quod invitet leves. Hor.

Per primum crepidans cum murmure rivum. Id.

Iavis crepante lympha deflit Pede. Id.
Unde loquaces.

Lympha defluit. Idem.

The Sence whereof is this,

And a Spring fit to give a River Name

Colder than it, none are in Thracia found

Clearer than it, none Hebrus Hill surround.

The Noise of Water tumbling down the Hills

And bubbling of the Springs provoking Sleep.

Runs murmurering as if it were afraid,

Runs nimbly down the Hill and Music makes

With creaking of its liquid Shoes.

Waters in their Descent talking aloud.

*Un Fonte ch' a bagnar invita
La labbra, alto cader da un vivo sasso.*

That is,

**A Clear Spring issuing from a Rock
Inviting thirsty Travellers to drink.**

*Chiara Fontana
Sorgea d'un sasso, e acque fresche e dolci
Spargea souamente mormorando. Pet.*

That is,

**A copious Spring pouring down from a Rock,
Its Waters cold as Ice, and clear as Crystal.**

*Il roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S' ode de una fiorita e fresca riva.*

That is,

**Upon the cool and flowry Bank of th' River
We heard the hoarse Sound of the murmuring Waters.**

*La fonte discorreva pe'l mezzo d' un Prato
D' arbore antique e, e belle ombre adorno
Cb' i viandanti co'l mormorio grato
Aber invita, e far seco soggiorno.*

That is,

**A silver Stream
Runs through the Field with shady Trees adorn'd,
And by its gentle murmur's sound do invite
The Passengers to drink, and stay all night.**

*Quel roco suon, chi fuor discioglie
Il mormorante strepitoso Rivo.*

That is,

The hoarse Sound of the rapid River.

Il mormorio del Acque,
Cbi da'l collo vicin, di sasso in sasso,
A scherzar cala, placidetta, e fresca. Imper.

That is,

The murmuring Noise of the cold pleasant Stream,
Sporting and leaping from one Stone to another,

Cbiari Rivi mormorando intorno
Sempre l'erbe vi fan tenere, e nove,
E rendea ad Auscultator dolce concerto,
Rottotra picciol sassi il correr lento. Ariosto.

That is,

Clear murmuring Rivers pass,
Filling the Vale with Flowers, Herbs and Grafs,
And to the Travellers, sweet Music make,
When they ride Post, over the rattling Pebbles:

Rive correnti di fontane vive,
A'l caldo tiempo, giu per l'erbe fresce. Petr.

That is,

Rivers descending from perpetual Springs
Ith' Heat o'th Year refresh the scorched Grafs.

Il murmurar di liquidi Cristalli,
Giu per lucidi, fresci, rivo, e snelli. Petr.

That is,

The murmuring Sound the liquid Cristal makes
When it runs swiftly in cold lucid Serpents:

D'a'l cavo sen d'inaccessibil rapi.
Traboccar un Rio, ne la profunda Valle
E cresciuto in torrente, infra quei sassi
Muover con roco suon tumidi i passi. Gratiani.

That

That is,

To see a small Stream, from a hollow Rock
Grown to a furious Torrent in the Vale,
Move proudly, murmuring at every step.

*Scorreia del verde prato, al lato manco,
Un lompolo Ruscell, che dolce invita
Con l' acque pure, in su l' estiva rabbia
Facea de i Viandanti al arse Labbia.*

That is,

Through the Green Field a River runs,
And courteously all Travellers invites
To drink its Waters, wholesome, cool, and clear,
And quench their Thirst in the great heat o'th' Year.

Neptunum procul à terris spectare furentem. Hor.

That is

Safe upon Land to see the raging Sea.

*Jactantibus æquora ventis,
E terra, magnum alterius spectare Laborem
Tua fine parte pericli.
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quid cernere suave est. Luct.*

That is,

To him that's safe, 'tis pleasant to behold
Seamen in Storms, labouring to save their Lives,
Not that anothers Misery affords Pleasure,
The Pleasure comes from this, that we are safe.

IV.

With Horace and ¹Petrarch, and Two or Three more
 Of the best Wits that reign'd in the Ages before.
 With roast Mutton, rather than Venison or Teal,
 And clean, tho' coarse Linnen at every Meal.
 May I govern, &c.

¹ A famous Italian Poet, who flourished in the Thirteenth Century, he was one of the first restorers of Learning. The Author of this Wish has begun to write his Life, and designs (God willing) in a short time to publish it.

² Simple and parable Meat.

Parabilem amo venerem. Hor.

That is,

My delight is in things easily procur'd.

*Accipe nunc vicius tenuis que quantaq; secum
 Afferat, imprimis valeas bene, nam variae res
 Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius es
 Que simplex olim tibi federit, ut simul affis
 Misceris Elixa, simul conchylia Turdis,
 Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoq; tumultum
 Lenta feret pituita, vides ut pallidus omnis
 Cœna defurgat dubia, quin corpus onustum
 Hosternii vitiis, animum quoq; prægravat una,
 Atq; affigit humi Divinae particulam Auræ.*

Which may be thus Translated.

Learn the Effects of spare and simple Diet,
 First it preserves thy Health, which various Meats
 Destroy, you'll grant this when you call to mind
 How easily you digested Oxford Commons.
 If you mix boyld, roast, fry'd, and flesh with fish,
 Sweet things turn Choler, and Flegm loads the Stomach.

Behold how pale, how sickly they appear
 Who spend their Nights in Feasts, their Days in Sleep,
 But that's not all, the worst is yet behind,
 Their diseas'd Bodies influence the Mind.
 And nail to th' ground that Particle of Jove.

*Pago il cor di poco, il suo ben crede
 Pajcer su parca ma pulita mensa
 Piu di piacer che vivande il corpo
 In vece de piu lauti e piu chiari Cibi,
 Onde s' aggrava il' nauseato Gusto,
 E onde obime la Vita altrui si accorcia. Imper.*

That is,

He with content at his own Table sits
 Serv'd with clean Linnen and with common Meat,
 Eating no more than what suffices Nature,
 And thence with Appetite riles to his Studies
 Taking more care to feed his Soul, than Body,
 Variety he shuns and new-found Dishes,
 Which bring their Thousands to untimely Death.

*Ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
 Corruget nares, ne non & Cantbarus & Lanx
 Ostendat tibi te. Hor.*

Lest the foul Table-cloth and dirty Napkins
 Should make you loath your meat.
 Lest you should see your Face ith' greasy Plates.

Et mundus vicius non deficiente crumena: Id.

That is,

Clean Diet and some Money in my Purse.
*Mundeq; parvo sub lare pauperum
 Cane. Hor.*

That is,

And cleanly Suppers in a homely Cottage;
Panperies immunda domus procul abit, ego utrum. Hor.

Nare ferar magna an parva ferar unus & idem. Hor.

That is,

From unclean Povertyes attacks securd,
Twill be all one to me to make the Port
In a small Wherry or a first-rate Ship.

V.

With a ¹ Pudding on Sundays, with flout humming Liquor,
And Remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar,
With ² Monte-Fiascone or ³ Burgundy Wine
To drink the ⁴ Kings health as oft as I dine.

¹ Tho the Poet never eats any, he provides this Dish for his Guest, but principally in observance of the old English Custom, to let no Sunday pass without a Pudding. From this, and many passages before, it is evident that he is a very superstitious Fellow.

² A Town in *Tuscany* celebrated for good Wine, and the Epitaf of a *Dutch* Man buried there ; all the Books which treat of Travelling through *Italy* relate the story at large. But since it may be new to some who shall read this, I will set it down in few words ; A *Dutch* Traveller with his Servant lighted at the Inn which lies out of the Town, and thence sent his Servant into it to find the best Wine, ordering him to write *Eft* upon the door of the House wherein he found good Wine ; where he found better, *Eft, Eft* ; where the best, *Eft, Eft, Eft* : The Servant obeyed his Commands punctually. The Master follows, and finds the Tavern bearing this last Inscription, and drank so much, that it cast him into a Fever, whereof he died. His Servant buried him in the Church, engraving upon his Tomb-stone this Epitaf, which is still to be seen there.

Eft, Eft, Eft.
Propter nimium Eft,
Jo de Fuc. D. meus mortuus eft.

That is,

Here lies my Master, due East and West,
By taking too much, of *Eft, Eft, Eft*.

³ *Beauln*, A Town in the Dukedom of *Burgundy*, famous for a magnificent Hospital, and the excellency of its Wines, which are incomparably the best in *France*, if not in the World.

Experto crede Roberto. i. e. I do not speak this by hear-say.

⁴ So *Horace* writing to *Augustus*.

*Hinc ad vina redit letus & alteris
Te mensis adbibat Deum.
Te multa prece, te prosequitur mero.
Diffuso Pateris, & laribus tuum
Miscer nomen, ut Græcia Castoris
Et magui memor Herculis.
Longas ô utinam Rex bone ferias
Praestes Hesperiae, dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus Uvidi
Cum nox Oceano subest.*

This may be thus Parafrased.

When second Course comes in,
Then we begin
To bless the Gods and thee, mingling your Names,
With many Prayers, and Glasses fill'd with Wine
We drink your Health, crying, King live for ever.
Not Hercules, nor *Castor* ever found
Such Love in *Greece*, as thou in *English* ground,
For the Worlds good, may Heavens preserve thee long.
This is our sober, and our drunken Song.
Our first i'th' Morning, and last Prayer at Night.)

VI.

May my Wine be Vermillion, may my Malt-drink be pale,
In neither extream, or too mild or too stale.
In lieu of Deserts, Unwholsome and Dear,
Let ' Lodi or Parmisan bring up the Bear. ■
May I govern, &c.

¹ *Lans Pompei*, a wonderful fertill Town in the Dutchy of *Milan*, whose Cheese is of greater Fame, than *Parmisan*.

VII.

nor 'Cory, or Wig, Observator or Critimer
 May I be, nor against the Laws torment a Swimmer.
 May I mind what I speak, what I write, and hear read,
 But with matters of State ne'er trouble my Head.
 May I govern, &c.

¹ Those odious Names of Distinction, kindled great Animosity, and Strangeness, and even Hatred, betwixt Friends and Relations, which are not (I fear) yet thoroughly extinguished.

VIII.

Let the Gods who dispose of every Kings Crown,
 Whomsoever they please, set up and pull down.
 Ile pay the whole Shilling impos'd on my Head,
 Tho I go without Claret that Night to my Bed.
 May I govern, &c.

¹ If that should happen, it would be a shrewd Affliction to the Poet.

IX.

I'll bleed without grumbling, tho' that Tax should appear
 As oft as New Moons, or Weeks in a Year,
 For why should I let a seditious Word fall?
² Since my Lands in ³ Utopia pay nothing at all.
 May I govern, &c.

² A Poll Bill. ³ A good Encouragement to pay for his Head, &c.
³ A Place in Jupiter, or the Moon, or some other of the Planets, for it is not to be found in the Map of the World.

X.

Tho' I care not for Riches, may I not be so poor,
 That the Rich without shame cannot enter my Door,
¹ May they court my converse, may they take much delight,
 My ² old Stories to hear in a Winters long Night.
 May I govern, &c.

¹ Pauperemque dives me petet.

² Aniles ex re fabellas, Hor.

That

That is,
Let the Rich look after me.
Old Stories aptly applied.

XI.

My small stock of Wit may I not misapply,
To flatter great men be they never so high.
Nor mispend the ³ few Moments I steal from the Grave,
In fawning, or cringing, like a Dog or a Slave.
May I govern, &c.

Quel poco viver che m' avanza. Petr.

That is,

The small remainder of my Life.

XII.

May none whom I love, to so great¹ Riches rise
As to slight their Acquaintance, and their old Friends despise.
So Low, or so high, may none of them be,
As to move either Pity, or Envy in me.
May I govern, &c.

No de Dios tanto bien a nuestros Amigos que nos desconoscamos.

A Spanish Proverb, In English thus,
Let not God make our Friends so rich as to forget us.

XIII.

A Friendship I wish for, but alas tis in vain,
Joves Store-House is empty and can't it supply,
So firm, that no change of Times, Envy, or Gain,
Or Flattery, or WOMAN, should have Pow'r to unty.
May I govern, &c.

XIV.

But if Friends prove unfaithful, and Fortune a' Whore,
Still may I be Virtuous, though I am Poor.

My Life then, as useless, may I freely resign,
When no longer I relish, true Wit, and good Wine.
May I govern, &c.

¹ *Fortuna sævo læta negocio,*
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax.
Transmutat incertos honores
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna. Hor.
Laudo manentem, si celeres quatit
Pennas, ressigno quæ dedit, & mea
Virtute me involvo. Hor.

Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet. Hor.

Something to this purpose.

Fortune delights to play her cruel Game,
And, as the wind, is never long the same,
But to change Favorites always inclin'd,
Sometimes to me, sometimes to thee she's kind.
When thou thinkst thou hast her as sure as a Gun
She'll up with her Scut, and away she'll run.
I am well pleas'd while she vouchsafes to stay,
But if she claps her wings, and scuds away,
What I've receiv'd, I patiently lay down,
And wrap my self in my own Virtue's Gown.
Fortune fly's wantonly about the World,
And changes Crowns and Kingdoms every day.

XV.

To out live my Senses may it not be my Fate,
To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all,
But rather let Death come before 'tis so late,
And while there's some Sap in it, may my Tree fall.
May I govern, &c.

³ May I not lose my Sight, my Hearing, and my Memory, and be
a Burden to my Friends, and my self, Ἐπειον αχρηστος. Tellu-
ris inutile Pondus, a dead unuseful Burden to the Ground.

*Di qual piane e di angoscie se faro in vita mia
Spiazzato, e malefico sarò, e poi la medesima. Petrarca*

That is,

In Pain and Anguish altogether troublesome
Not only to my Friends, but to my self.

Ultima semper

*Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet. Ovid.*

That is,

No Man can be call'd Happy till he's dead,
Tis the last Hour denominates the Life.

If you tell an *Italian*, such a one is a rich, or happy man; he'll reply.
Dammi lo morto, as much as to say, Let me see him dead, and then
twill be evident whether he is or not; before that, no true Judgment
is to be made. Some corporeal and intellectual vigor. + May I dy.

XVI.

I hope I shall have no occasion to find *all* you inquire
For Priests, or Physicians, till I am so near mine End
^ That I have eat all my Bread, and drunck my last Glass,
^ Let them come then, and set their Seal to my Passage
May I govern, &c.

¹ The Poet alludes to a Tradition amongst the *Turks*, who believe, that when any one is born into the World, there is such a Quantity of Meat and Drink set before him, which when he has consumed, he must die. The Moral whereof is, He that desires to live long, must be sparing in his Meat and Drink.

² That I may die *Canonicamente e con tutti gli ordini*. i. e. Die regularly, observing all the Ceremonies, Formalities, and Punctualities, *A la Consume*, which is according to our barbarous Translation, *To a Cows Thumb*.

XVII.

With a Courage undaunted, may I face my last Day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,

Al por ghi di questa spoglia. Petr.

Lasciando in terra le squalide vesti. Idem

Gi' vissi l'onta l'ira

Levato il capo con la valva.

That is,

When I put off my mortal Rags,
And leave them here behind me on the Earth.

XX

Quando de terreno

*Carcere uscendo, lasciarai da spalla al petto tuo, Dio è Dio tuo dio che
Questa mia pelle, e questo è mortale Gown. Detratti quindi tu il colto
amato guillotin tuo, e una canna, e ogni a cuial è tessa
.mici e ~~colto~~ tuo gno lo chiede la tua*

*When I'm releas'd out of this Mortal Prison,
Leaving my heavy, frail, and mortal Gown.*

*Quando m'usco un dritto m'usco qui, m'usco E vase
vano a rivot d'ogni d'ogni E quel m'usco qua, m'usco m'usco
Che per alto destin m'usco in feste, Et m'usco io, m'usco i m'usco*

That is,

That Veil that Heavens appointed me to wear;

precor integra

Gum mente neptunem senectam

Degere, nec cibbara caret em.

That is,

In a cheerful Old Age, and my Senses entire,

VIII:

I care not whether under a Turf, or a Stone,
With any Inscription upon it, or none,
If a Thousand Years hence, 'Here lies R. P.
Shall be read on my Tomb, what is it to me?
May I govern, &c.

¹ The Poet Presumes he shall have a very short and modest Epitaph if any, onlythe Two First Letters of his Name.

That is, *in me* *the* *more*, *content*, *but*, *now* *is* *not* *in* *obligation*.

That is,

If the Romans or Gracians speak of me, give me the best Words
And leave others more pertly belied in the Epic.

XX.

But one I add, for the sake of those few
Who in reading these Lines any Pleasure shall take,
Say, I leave a good Fame, and a sweet smelling Name.
This is the end of my Odes I make.

When I'm dead, let this Memorial
Leave me, like a good Comedy,
Say I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,
And grow wiser, and Braver, as my Strength wears away.

Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

Non ut me misereatur Laboro.

Contentus paucis Lettoribus, i. e. I design not to be read by many, nor
covet the applause of the People. Quia post Mortem, Gloriari
nihil. Mart. i. e. Fame comes too late when it comes after Death.
Though Fame will not concern me after I am Dead, yet I wish for it,
because it will be a Pleasure to my surviving Friends. Et quia superesse
aduersi Dii. Hor. i. e. If I do not (which has happened to many Old
Men) out-live all my Friends.

III.

A F T E R M Y S A Y I N G O F T H E W O R D S
I T I S T H E C O M M O N S P E C T O F
M A N Y T H A T T H EY H A V E N O T H I N G
B E T T E R T H A N T H EY H A V E S A Y D
A F T E R M Y S A Y I N G O F T H E W O R D S
I T I S T H E C O M M O N S P E C T O F
M A N Y T H A T T H EY H A V E N O T H I N G
B E T T E R T H A N T H EY H A V E S A Y D

That is, the more I say, the less I have to say. That is, the more I say, the less I have to say.

